

# The Saturday Evening Post.

VOLUME I.

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## CONDITIONS.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## LINES.

On attending the last dying moments of a Friend,  
watch'd the pallid cheek—his languid eye  
Scarcely seem'd to know the friend that o'er him wept;  
Yet fond it gaz'd—and oft a hollow sigh  
Broke forth repentant thoughts; the worm  
had slept,  
Whose carking venom stings the Sinner's soul,  
And gentle vigils seem'd to fan away  
The reluctant death that humble and control  
The victim Death hath destin'd for the clay.

How the gleam—it trembled like the rays  
Of fading twilight, when they kiss the wave  
That rolls in pensive silence at their gaze,  
And seems as at the parting scene to lave.  
How true, alas! for tears luxuriant roll'd  
In silvery drops adorn the anguish'd cheek  
Of his fond friend—the quivering eye-lid told,  
'Twas life's last hour—the soul its heav'n must seek!

Still fond he look'd; but yet he knew me not;  
Ah! I was mortal; 'twas the gaze of Death,  
Which search'd the expanse of Heaven and forgot  
The substance it was fix'd on; now his breath  
Dart'd not to vent a feeling of regret.  
He pray'd—he calmly smil'd to meet his end,  
And died!—O, who on earth could e'er forget  
The smile that last played on a dying friend.

June 17th, 1822. PASQUIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## SONG.

Wake love and view, in yonder bay,  
Our gallant bark, with streamers gay;  
Where noble warriors, stout and bold,  
Whose deeds the Minstrel of old  
Wait thy approach on bended knee,  
And humbly crave a smile from thee.  
Wake, love! for o'er the mountain's brow  
The mists are slowly rolling now,  
And the blue lake's broad lovely stream  
Is silver'd o'er by Heaven's bright Queen.  
My Ellen, 'tis the promis'd hour!  
Thy lover waits beneath the tower;  
Far from these glens our boat must glide  
Ere Ronald claims thee for his bride.

LAURA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## SONG.

Written for the occasion of a convivial entertainment.  
THINE—'HAIL TO THE CHIEF.'  
O press the wine-cup, and bright as your glasses,  
Let the fire in thy eye be the gleam of the heart,  
Enjoy this bright moment—'ere it passes,  
Own rapture the truest that joy can impart.  
Beat high the jovious soul,  
Press the full flowing bowl,  
And drink to the bright eyes of her you adore,  
And as you nectar sip,  
Own that her bonied lip,  
In sweetness till now was ne'er rival'd before!

Away with the stoles, who tell that the flowers  
Of enjoyment are blushing as fast as they bloom,  
And who say that the smiles of our happier hours,  
Shall be darkened by sorrow, and clouded with gloom;

'Tis true that pleasure flies,  
And our enjoyment dies,  
E'en in the moment we treasure it most,  
But now such thoughts forbear  
Banish each future care,  
And this be the pledge of each goblet—OUR HOST!

D.

## SONG.

THE LONE LITTLE COT AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.  
Wake, hap of New-England! Wake to the praise  
Of a little cot, to thy hardy dear,  
Where the thrush and the robin their merry notes  
raise,  
By the waters of Solovikill, so calm and so clear:  
Then here, when the shadows of eve steal along,  
And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still,  
Then, hap of New-England, Oh, cheer with thy song.

The sweet little cot,  
The dear little cot,  
The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.  
'Twas here for a refuge with her lov'd best,  
On the pinions of love to the cottage he flew,  
And an asylum found of safety and rest,  
Safe, safe in the arms of a merciful few:  
Then here, when the shadows of eve steal along,  
And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still,  
Then, hap of New-England, Oh, cheer with thy song.

The sweet little cot,  
The dear little cot,  
The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.  
May contentment still smile, and peace ever reign  
In the cottage whose portals unbar to the poor,  
Where the minstrel his song never chanted in vain,  
And sorrow unsmoothed never turned from the door:  
And here when the shadows of eve steal along,  
And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still,  
The harp of New-England shall cheer with its song.

BOSTON BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I've mark'd the lovely summer day  
With sudden clouds spread o'er;  
The Sun had hid his cheering ray,  
And thunders loud did roar.

'Tis often thus life's early morn,  
Which seems all bright and fair,  
Is chang'd by dark misfortune's storm.  
To sorrow and despair. CONSTANCE.  
June 17, 1822.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To a Poetess, who undervalued it.  
Lady! dame Nature ever draws a line,  
To keep which 'twere to grasp forbidden power;  
True, you can write, can feel, perchance may shine,  
But from a Cottage never scale a tower  
June 13th, 1822 PASQUIN.

## Moral and Religious.

### GOD IS LOVE.

The humblest flower that decks the vale—  
The bluest cypress of the grove—  
The breath of heaven their leaves inhale,  
And whisper back that "God is love."  
Streams speak his praises as they flow,  
And winds soft hallelujahs blow.

### ANIMATED NATURE.

There's not on earth—there's not in air,  
A creature by th' Almighty made,  
That feels not—owns not—sees not there,  
His bright beneficence display'd—  
Creative wisdom—mercy—power—  
Glow in the skies—fall in the shower.

Whoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me,  
and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful  
generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be  
ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father.

Many and severe are the threats which  
we find denounced by Christ against those  
who pretended an extraordinary sanctity  
in their manners and conversation, without  
having any true sense of religion or mor-  
ality in their hearts. The words before us  
are a threat, likewise, against hypocrites,  
but hypocrites of a very different sort;  
these who pretend to be more profligate  
than they really are, and therefore may  
properly be called hypocrites in wickedness.  
These are much more numerous in the  
present times, and perhaps more mischievous  
than the former; as those do honor to religion  
and virtue by their pretences to them, these  
affront them, by an open disavowal. Those  
make others better than themselves, and these  
worse, by their example. We meet with this  
ridiculous and criminal kind of hypocrisy every  
day; we see men affecting to be guilty of vices  
for which they have no relish, of profligacy  
for which they have no constitutions, and of  
crimes which they have not courage to perform.  
They lay claim to the honour of cheating,  
at the time they are cheated, and endeavour to  
pass for knaves, when, in fact, they are but fools.  
—These are the offenders of whom Christ will be  
ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father;  
which will be a dreadful but just punishment,  
and a proper retaliation of that foolish  
and impious modesty, which induced them to  
be ashamed of him and his word, in complaisance  
to a sinful and adulterous generation; and to be  
less afraid of incurring the displeasure of the  
best of all Beings, than the profane ridicule of  
the worst men.

RELIGION has planted itself, in all the  
purity of its image, and sufficiency of its  
strength, at the threshold of human misery;  
and is empowered to recall the wanderers  
from their pilgrimage of woe, and direct them  
in the path of heaven. It has diffused a secret  
joy in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness;  
it has effaced the wrinkles from the brow of  
care—shed a gleam of secret and tranquil joy  
in the chamber of death, gladdened the counte-  
nance of the dying with triumphant enthusiasm,  
and spread throughout the earth a faint fore-  
taste of the blessings of futurity. It is benign  
as the light of heaven, and comprehensive as its  
span.—An iris in the sky of the Christian, it  
quickens perseverance with the promises of re-  
ward—reanimates the drooping spirit—invigori-  
nates the decrepitude of age—and directs with a  
prophetic ken, to the regions of eternal felicity.  
Like the sun, it guides every object with its  
rays, without being diminished in its lustre, or  
shorn of its power.

### THE OBSERVER—No. VI.

Variorum et mutabile semper—Virgil.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### PUNCTUALITY.

"It is injurious to hasten, and delay is frequently  
injurious; the man is wise who does every thing  
in its proper time."

A few evenings ago, as I was sitting at my par-  
lour window, that overlooks the street, a man ap-  
parently about thirty years old, of a sunburnt com-  
plexion, and rather homely appearance, frequently  
past my house, as if in search of some abode near  
by, but which he could not readily find—at last,  
he stepped up to my door and knocked; he  
directly brought me a letter—I opened it, and found  
the contents nearly as follow:—The reader will  
excuse honest Plainway's familiarity, when he  
learns that the farmer and myself had been play-  
fellows in our youth, being both brought up in the  
same neighbourhood.

To Mr. \*\*\*\*\* the Observer.

SIR—It is for you to know, that I came to this  
city a few weeks since, with wife Deborah, (gene-  
rally called Dabby for brevity sake,) and three  
fine children—but first I will let you a little  
into my concerns. I have been married now about  
six years—my wife was born and educated in

the country, and our parents living near to-  
gether, we've been from our infancy companions,  
and consequently, at a very early age, contracted  
such a warm friendship for each other that at last  
it made Miss DABBY HARRIS and myself, one.  
Therefore, it being her wish that we should move  
to town, I could not do otherwise than comply.—  
But to come to the purpose of this letter—which  
is to complain of the want of Punctuality in ge-  
neral among your tradesmen—my wife insisted, that  
to appear clever in the city, I should throw off  
my domestic drapery and change it for that which  
was more fashionable—so I bespoke of a tailor, a  
suit of clothes. "When can I have them," said I  
to Mr. Threadneedle—"Why, let me see, they  
will be finished by Friday—unless you are in great  
haste, in that case, you can have them sooner."  
"No," said I, "the time mentioned will do if you  
do not disappoint me"—laying peculiar stress on  
the word disappoint. He assured me he would not,  
and I withdrew. Well, after all the Tay-  
lor's professions I did not get my new suit. I  
waited upon him to know the reason of such ne-  
glect, and he gave me for answer, that as I had  
said I was not in haste, he thought I would not  
object to wait a little while longer. Surely this  
is no way to do business—as I, for one, would ne-  
ver trouble Mr. Threadneedle again, if I knew any  
other habit maker more correct in his time—nor it  
is not only my Tailor, but my Shoemaker, Waxe-  
maker, Hatter, and, in fact, all that I have had  
any dealings with yet, I have found equally negli-  
gent. I remember my father once used to say to  
me, "Mat, (you know he always called me  
Mat,) take my word for it, punctuality is the  
soul of industry and the life of business."

D-bosh! complains sadly of the MILLINERS and  
MARTIN-MAKERS. She says that Sally Jones, who  
made all her bonnets and dresses when in the  
country, never disappointed her customers—nor,  
says my wife in a tone of reproach, did she charge  
half so much as they do here—which, at least, she  
argues, ought to make them keep their promises  
—and I am a little of her opinion myself.

With this, Sir, I conclude, hoping that you will  
not forget to mention this subject in the next  
number of the Observer.

I am, your obedient servant,

MATTHEW PLAINWAY.

I perfectly agree with my friend Matthew, in  
his remarks, that nothing is more requisite than  
punctuality—it is a quality which the interests of  
mankind require to be diffused through all ranks  
of life.

R. E.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE OCEAN SPIRIT.

It was early in the year 1700, the good  
brig the Enterprize, sailed from a port in  
the North of Ireland for the Mediterranean—  
The vessel was richly laden, and reach-  
ed the place of her destination in safety,  
where, having embarked another cargo, she  
weighed her anchor on her return. When  
within a few days sail of Gibraltar, an al-  
tercation took place between the captain  
of the brig and one of his crew, named Do-  
nald Morvan, in the course of which the  
seaman received a blow which felled him  
overboard. Every exertion was made to  
rescue him, but in vain, for the waves had  
engulfed him.—A favourable gale had  
blown through the day, but on the eve-  
ning following, the eye of the experienced  
mariner could discover the dark storm  
cloud lowering on the face of the ocean,  
and as the night still further advanced, it  
became darker and heavier—it slowly  
ascended, and when in the eyes of the  
terrified seamen it had appeared to gain  
the centre of the heavens, it paused. A  
gleam of fire momentarily played across  
it, and the storm cloud burst.—The  
burthened vessel laboured fearfully in  
the tempest—the starting of the planks,  
the roar of the hurricane, the lucid splen-  
dour of the lightning, the deep toned voice  
of heaven speaking in the thunder, and the  
agonized scream of one of the crew, at that  
moment washed from the deck, all con-  
spired to render the scene awful beyond  
description.—To escape death now seemed  
inevitable, and the horror struck crew lash-  
ed each other to the masts, or the railing,  
and awaited in anxious agony the consum-  
mation of the whole.—The vessel drifted at  
the mercy of the waves.

The commander of the brig was on the  
quarter deck, earnestly engaged in exa-  
mining the lashings which secured him to  
the mizen mast, when an exclamation of  
terror from the fore-castle drew his atten-  
tion. The constant and uninterrupted suc-  
cession of the lightning's flashes rendered  
every object perfectly visible—he looked  
over the bow head, and on the wave im-  
mediately preceding the vessel, Donald Mor-  
van, breast high in the water, rode as in  
triumph. The countenance still bore the  
impress of death, and gloomed terribly on  
the captain, who gazed in terror upon him.  
He beckoned forward—The vessel, as if  
attracted by magic, pursued him at a head-  
long rate. The spectre seaman mounted  
a lofty wave and the brig followed—he  
rushed down into a fearful abyss and after  
it swept the ship—And ever, as the flash  
of the lightning fell more directly upon it,  
the crew could see Donald waving his arms  
as if to impel the vessel to greater speed,  
while the ghastly smile which played round  
his shrivelled lips, and his long hair  
streaming in the blast, to their supersti-  
tious fears appeared a symbol from heaven  
of their immediate destruction. Still for-

ward rode the spectre, and with the same  
velocity the vessel followed.

At length, the occasional pauses in the  
blast, and the more infrequent peals of the  
thunderbolt, gave indication of the tem-  
pest's close. The day dawned, and the  
sun looked on the wave tossed vessel thro'  
a watery veil. As the day further advanced  
the storm died gradually away, and the  
sea re-assumed its glassy tranquillity. The  
sun burst in unclouded glory, and the re-  
animated crew betook themselves to the  
repair of the vessel. But still the spectre  
glided before them, and still he motioned  
them onward. The ship lay too for a mo-  
ment, when he seemed to rise still farther  
from the water, and angrily beckoned. The  
captain, freed from the alarm created by  
the tempest, became more agitated; and  
seizing the helm, for the spirit still kept  
immediately before them, turned the vessel  
in a contrary direction. Still Donald main-  
tained his station.—The day was fast  
waning when the crew beheld the spectre  
suddenly raise himself completely from the  
ocean, and stood on it, as firm as if it was  
the deck on which they trode. But it was  
for a moment only, and he then disappeared  
forever. The brig reached the place and  
immediately struck upon a rock. In des-  
pair the captain ordered out the boats, but  
before the command could be complied  
with, the vessel sunk, and the dark wave  
rolled over her and the crew.

RAYMOND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Guilt triumphant over Innocence, OR THE STORY OF EMMA SOMERTON.

If to awaken the sympathy of the heart in an-  
other, and to elicit the noblest feelings that heart  
can boast, be an object wherein language were  
well bestowed, it is to be hoped that the following  
tale will not be unacceptable to a class of your  
readers, to whose sensibility it is particularly ad-  
dressed.

In a romantic village in the North of England,  
which health might have chosen as her habitation,  
and content as her resting place, there resided a  
family whose melancholy destiny, though long un-  
known, now claims the willing tribute of my pen.  
Everard Somerton had long since past the  
meridian of life—calmly mellowing into that grave  
and quiet disposition that attend the steps of age,  
and marks the maturity of character when the  
effervescence of youth and spirits have flown, he  
appeared the vision of the by-gone age, and the me-  
mento of former times. I have hung with empha-  
sized eagerness upon the narratives of his youth,  
and have heard him recount his adventures while  
in the hey-day of his blood, with all that avidity  
which youth delights in while catching the accents  
of truth and experience. In his early life he had  
been unfortunate, and to this favoured spot of  
nature he had retired, carrying with him the only  
relics of his house, two beloved grand-children,  
with whom he wished to spend the remainder of  
his life in all that delight which arises from the  
harmony of feelings, and the pleasures of reciprocal  
affection.

As the oak in the forest, so was he in the vil-  
lage, which felt and acknowledged the influence  
of his precept and the power of his protection.  
He was universally beloved by his inferiors, and  
the suavity of his manners endeared him to those  
with whom too often virtue is no recommendation,  
nor goodness of heart any security from the in-  
terference of malice, or the arrows of detraction.  
Deprived of their natural parents in early life,  
Theodore and Emma had long been accustomed  
to consider the venerable Everard as their parent,  
and the recollection of the endearing accents that  
had once been heard to those more entitled to that  
appellation, was now entirely banished, and even  
remembrance claimed not a sigh from them to  
emitter the present, or make them acknowledge  
that deprivation, they had now by reason of their  
grandfather's affection, so little cause to deplore.  
With a mind highly endued with the brightest na-  
tural faculties, and chastened by education, and  
the prevailing example of his grand-sire, Theodo-  
re was at once the pride and ornament of the  
village youth; his superiority, because involunta-  
ry, was never overbearing, and was as frequently  
his recommendation, where it was the most con-  
spicuous, as allowed and acknowledged by those  
who could best appreciate it.

The writers of romance in general, disclaim  
language, when attempting to portray perfection,  
and leave more to the reader's imagination than  
they attempt to express by the power of their pen;  
notwithstanding that this is an elegant compli-  
ment, and every way worthy such writers, yet is  
it an example I would fain avoid, could I hope to  
produce an array of language, that should speak  
the full sentiments of my heart.—But to quit  
this involuntary digression, let me turn at once to  
the fair and amiable sister of the favoured Theo-  
dore, the delight and comfort of her sire's declin-  
ing days.

Like the rose of the morning, that blows in the  
freshness of beauty, and charms the senses with  
its delightful fragrance, and the tempting per-  
fection of its glowing hues, so the beautiful Emma  
expanded to the world. I have seldom seen a  
face so fair, or a form in which elegance and dig-  
nity were so fully combined as that which graced  
the lovely Emma, and the accompaniments of  
her mind rivaled only with the perfection of her per-  
son, combining indeed in one blaze of beauty, all  
that can please or captivate the heart—such pre-  
ventives, I had once thought, to the unallured  
gaze of libertinism, or the approach of lawless pas-  
sion; alas! that I should now have to deplore  
their destroying influence! Sweet emblem of pu-  
rity! though I mourn thy lot, yet shall my pen  
boast inspiration while speaking thy praise, and  
though lowly its accents, yet sincerity shall mark  
them—for to know thee and not own thee all love-  
liness, were denying the effulgence of the glorious  
orb of day!

Emma was but young, for the roses of eighteen  
had hardly spread themselves on her cheek; in  
person she was rather above the middle size; her  
face was adorned with an expression and beau-  
ty that might have served the painter as a model  
for portraying a Hebe, and the chisel of the sta-  
tuary might have borrowed inspiration from the  
exquisite symmetry of her form. A certain win-  
ning mildness in her eyes was counteracted by the

more repulsive majesty of her person, which  
though it inspired pleasure and admiration, served  
to create an ideal awe in those who might ap-  
proach too unconsciously the shrine of their devo-  
tions; and there was cast over her every feature  
that charm of innocence which seemed like the  
mantle of virtue thrown over one of her most fa-  
voured votaries. Her intelligent blue eyes were  
the faithful mirrors of her polished mind, and re-  
flected that lustre and purity of soul which was  
hers as pre-eminently, and which was manifest in  
every action of her unspotted life.

It happened one Spring of —, that a party  
of soldiers passed through the village, on their  
way to a distant town, where they intended to  
quarter, and that a young officer of the party,  
when the men had halted on their march to re-  
fresh themselves, rode immediately from the  
ranks and proceeded to the house that contained  
the family of the Somertons. Mounted on a gal-  
lant charger, and completely equipped as a milita-  
ry officer, he moved along with a commandingness of deport-  
ment and nobility of action, that completely as-  
tonished the simple and wonder-struck villagers,  
and drew frequent glances of attention from many  
whose admiration was as fluttering to its object's  
vanity as involuntary in themselves.  
(To be continued.)

## SINGULAR PRESERVATION.

In December last, Harrison G. Blake, his wife,  
and child about 15 months old, left Salem, N. Y.  
intending to visit his father in law and other friends  
beyond the Green mountains, in Vermont. Night  
overtook them whilst crossing the mountains and  
their horse, overcome with his exertions to proceed  
through the snow, which was very deep, began to  
lag, and at length stopped. Determined, if possible,  
to save themselves and their child, they leaped him  
from the sleigh, and Mrs. Blake mounted him, car-  
rying the child in her arms. She rode but a short  
distance, before she was compelled to dismount  
and walk after her husband. She soon became  
unable any longer to carry the child, and wrapping  
it in a great coat, laid it in the snow and endea-  
vored to overtake her husband, who by this time had  
advanced out of hearing of her feeble cries. She  
had not proceeded more than 150 rods, when she  
became so chilled and frozen that she sunk—never  
to rise again! She was found alive next day, but  
survived only a few moments. Mr. B. was found  
about 45 rods from her, in a perishing condition,  
and but for this timely relief, must soon have been  
beyond the reach of human aid. The babe was  
found with its face naked and in the snow with  
one foot slightly frozen. When taken up, it smil-  
ed affectionately on its preserver. The following  
lines on the death of Mrs. Blake, are from the  
Eastern Argus.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wander'd with her child,  
As through the drifted snow she press'd  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.  
And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—  
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone—  
'O God!' she cried, in accents wild,  
'If I must perish, save my child!'  
She stript her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
And round her child she wrapt the vest,  
And smil'd to think her babe was warm—  
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.  
At dawn a traveller pass'd by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard and pale—  
He mov'd the robe from off the child,  
The babe look'd up, and sweetly smil'd.

## THE YOUNG LOVERS.

EXTRACT FROM BRACKENRIDGE HALL.

"To a man who is a little of a philoso-  
pher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by  
 dint of some experience in the follies of  
life, begins to look with a learned eye upon  
the ways of man and eke of woman—to  
such a man, I say, there is something very  
entertaining in noticing the conduct of a  
pair of young lovers. It may not be as  
grave and scientific a study as the loves of  
the plants; but it is certainly interesting.—  
I have therefore derived much pleasure  
since my arrival at the Hall, from observ-  
ing the fair Julia and her lover. She has  
all the delightful blushing consciousness of  
an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry,  
who has made her first conquest; while the  
captain regards her with that mixture of  
fondness and exultation, with which a  
youthful lover is apt to contemplate so  
beautiful a prize. I observed them yester-  
day in the garden advancing along one  
of the retired walks. The sun was shin-  
ing with delicious warmth, making great  
masses of bright verdure and deep blue  
shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of  
spring, was faintly heard from a distance;  
the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and  
the yellow butterflies sported and toyed  
and fluttered in the air. The fair Julia was  
leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his  
conversation, with her eyes cast down, a  
soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet  
smile on her lips; while in the hand that  
hung negligent by her side was a bunch of  
flowers. In this way they were sauntering  
slowly along, and when I considered them,  
and the scene in which they were moving, I  
could not but think it a thousand pities  
that the season should ever grow older, or  
that blossoms should give way to fruit, or  
that lovers should ever get married."

## ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS IN FRANCE.

Dr. Sanctorius, in his historical essays, gives the  
following account of the introduction of Gazette:  
Theophrastus Bombastus, a physician of Paris,  
picked up news from all quarters, to amuse his  
patients; he presently became more in request  
than any of his brethren, but as a whole city is  
not ill, or at least don't imagine itself to be so,  
he began to reflect at the end of some years, that  
he might gain a more considerable income by giving  
a paper every week, containing the news of dif-  
ferent countries. A permission was necessary;  
he obtained it, with an exclusive privilege in the  
year 1632. Such papers had been in use for a con-  
siderable time at Venice, and were called Ga-  
zettes, because a small coin called Gazetta was  
paid for reading them. This is the origin of our  
Gazettes, and their name. About ten years after-  
wards, they were common in England, by the name  
of Mercuries.











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